2/27/73

Dear Js,

CONFIDENTIAL

Dione just called me reverse, from Houston. She got out of jail by a black bail bondsman thinking he would get to lay a white woman. She paid the cost and has temporarily ducked him but fears he can get her bond revoked for non-performance. I've tried to counsel her on ways of avoiding that.

The call was 117 minutes -$35.00! Broke as I am, it has to be worth it.

She quoted to me calls I made from jim Alcock's office phone, saying she heard them on government tapes. That she quoted them accurately is enough to persuade me.

We went over some other key things without her knowing I knew about them and it stacks. I wrote you about the office of which Matt and I took pictures of me, the steel door, etc. She gave me the same address and the right name of the CIA station chief, Leake.

At the beginning she was obviously distraught. As we talked she cooled off some. Except I learned some new slang about not cooling off: her rocks are hard and before she goes into the hospital (osteomylitis) she has to do something!

I hit one bad tape and missed a little of no consequence. After I get some other things done I'll be listening to these again and I'll make a dub when I do. Let me know if you'd like to hear it.

From her account, the arrest has nothingnto do with her past. It is a racist town and some black students came in for some school work, she says, and the racist landlord called the cops. Too the the three students were hooked. Farout, but until I know otherwise, I'll believe it.

She rattles off correct names in a way that can't be put on and can't be memorized, and figuring she can call on FBI agents, as she does, surely is an indication of some kind. Most people can't name one.

I'm not going to try to even summarize it. Much of it is jail stuff, personal stuff, resentment about her parents, and an old one, Judge Cris, who I finally figured had to be Christenberry, is a friend of hers from the time she hit a baseball through his den window when she was a kid.

Lil listened to it and says he has no opinion. no basis to believe, none not to believe. But there is enough of the local N.O. stuff that stacks to persuade me. I can't believe she could remember a fairtale she told me five years agao even to the exact address, of all the things she told me, and the CIA nonlisted number on St. Charles is persuasive. I said St. Charles and she said 333. She told me now that they moved from there (Garrison's jurisdiction) to Metairie with a real estate office cover. Do you think she could remember today that she told me pretty much the same story five years ago?

Milton Brener was working for the feds. He got $20,000. Layton told her and he got the cases for Milton. The book, she says, was Brener's idea. If she was putting me on, the easiest thing was to say hell, yes, that was part of the deal. It happened to fast for her to think it through.

She may have more troubles, for if she wrote me what she said she did, it was intercepted. One 10-page letter about her parents. Her father has been taking graft on the docks. I knew he had a not significant job, but the graft I didn't know about.

It is one helluva story, true of not, expressively told, with no concern about street language.

This also tells me that the feds have tapes of every call I made from Garrison's office phones at least. It tells me they had to have had the entire swithboard taped, for there was no way of knowing what phone would be on what line on what call. I'm not concerned about anything I said, but I do know that tapes can be edited.

She knew Russo from long before the "probe" and she thinks he made the entire story up himself, not that he was put up to it. That his record as she knows it, and she goes into this, makes his likely to have done that also makes him likely to have been used. If I can accept her opinion, unless I know it is valid I still have a question. We may never know the answer.

Her description of the jail makes Q look like heaven. Best,